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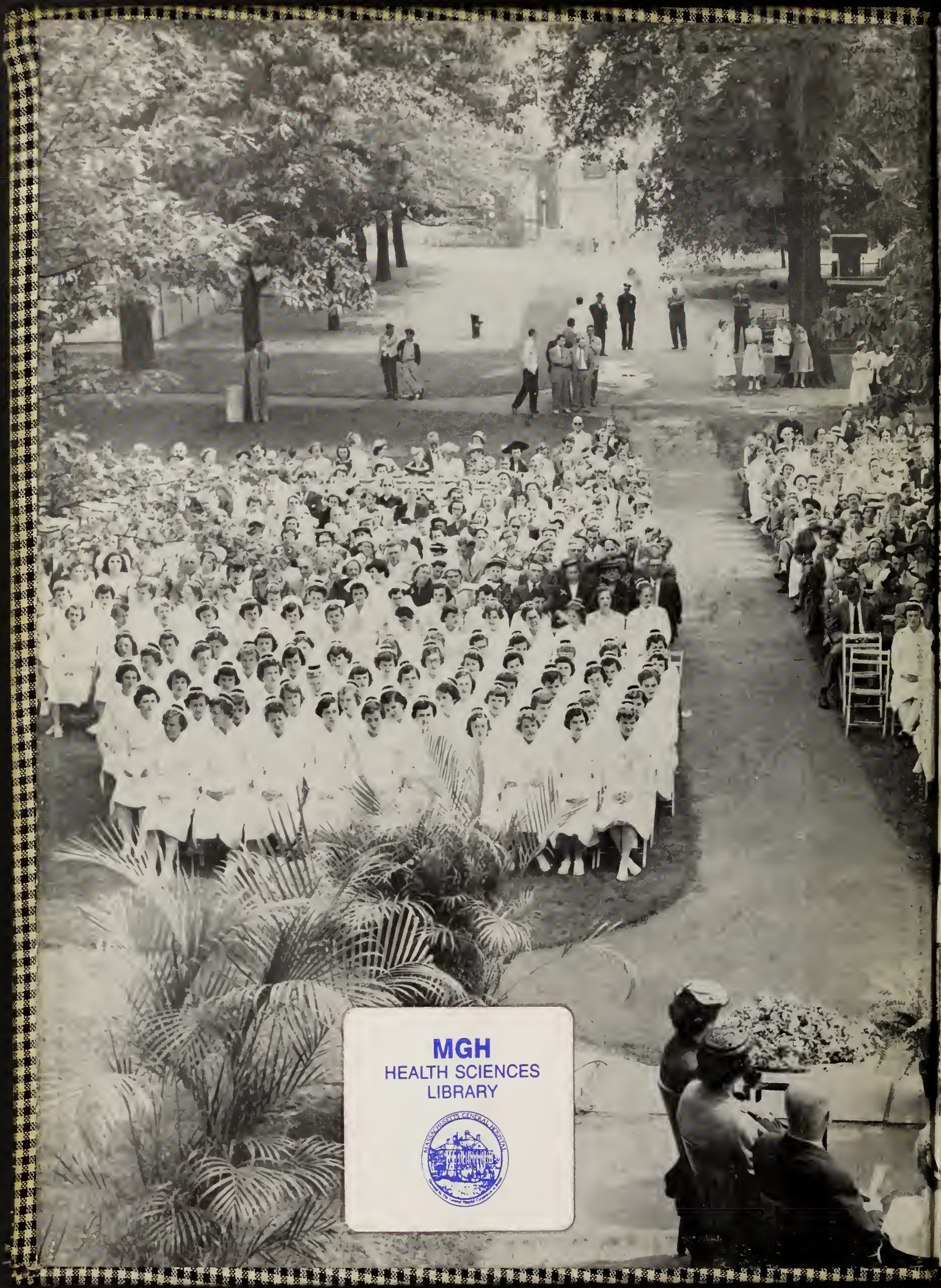


MGH
HEALTH SCIENCES
LIBRARY

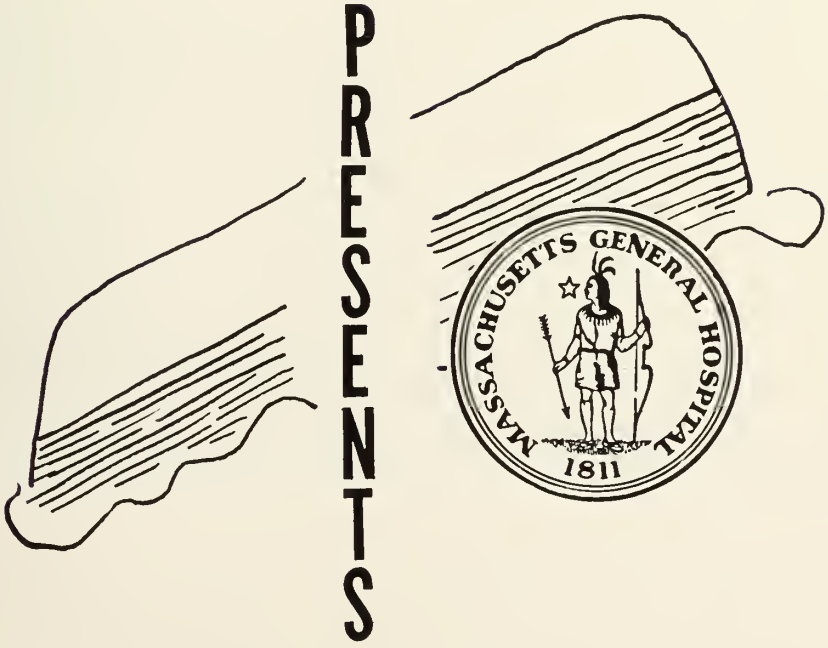
To Miss Hooper,
In appreciation for all you have done for us in the Head [illegible]
Class of 1934-35

The Senior Class of

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL

SCHOOL OF NURSING

PRESENTS



CHECKS

RUTH FARRISSEY

R.N., B.S., M.P.H.

Executive Officer for the Out-Patient Department; Assistant Director of Nursing

DEDICATION

It is with great pleasure that we dedicate the '54-'55 issue of *Checks* to Miss Ruth Farrisey, our friend and instructor during three years of training. Her classes will never be forgotten as pleasurable hours spent in learning, and her sincere interest in us as individuals will always be appreciated.

FOREWORD

As each day in training has become a part of us, we believe that a tangible reminder will in later years serve to recall these fond memories. So through word and picture it has been our aim to recapture the fun, friendship and high endeavor that has marked our training period. In future years, as we glance through the pages of "Checks", the past will become the present again for all to relive, and despite our separation, we shall become a class once again . . .

MISS RUTH SLEEPER

R.N., M.A., L.H.D., D.Sc.

Director of the School of Nursing and Nursing Service

Oh Gracious Guardian of our past,

Thy children rise to honor thee,

God bless and keep you, M.G.H.:

Secure through all the years to be.

Dear Seniors:

Congratulations on your achievement! The best of success to each one of you as you enter upon your career in nursing!

To us, who entered upon our careers many years ago, you stand in an enviable position. You have had a broader preparation. The opportunities for the practice of nursing have increased. It is even true that nursing has a different status in the community. And the need for nurses continues to grow.

You will have innumerable opportunities from which to choose as you begin to work. Unlike your predecessors, who sought opportunities to work, you will be sought by employers to take positions. There will be little or no competition for work to stimulate you to your highest accomplishment. Promotions may be urged upon you before you have grown up to the necessary responsibilities. Although such possibilities may sound attractive they may not always be advantageous. There is no way to reach the top step without climbing the flight of stairs. Just as truly there is no better way to assure success in a position of broad responsibility than by sound experience at each significant level.

In the past three years we of the Faculty have learned to know each one of you. We have tried to set before you opportunities for learning which will give you a sound basis for your career. Because we have known you, and worked for your welfare, we have grown interested in each one of you individually. Now we face your graduation with mixed feelings. We are sorry to have you leave the School. We are glad that you are ready for the big step ahead.

May you find happiness in nursing. May it be for you truly "A career with a future."

Ruth Sleeper

Her ivied columns rise to meet
The glory of the Bullfinch dome,
Serene, unruffled, beautiful,
She waits to bid us welcome home.

From many lands, o'er many days,
We brought to her our restless youth,
And she with patience took us all
And set us in the way of truth.

Stern Teacher, kindly too, withal,
Who saw the faults we could not hide,
And building on our better selves,
She wrought results that shall abide.

What if she gave us arduous toil,
She taught us reverence for our work;
To ease the suffering, lighten pain
There is no task we dare to shirk.

When life and death are side by side,
And creeds and races strangely blend,
To share these things from day to day
She helped us each to find a friend.

Oh Gracious Guardian of our past
Thy children rise to honor Thee,
God bless and keep you, M.G.H.
Secure through all the years to be.

SONG FOR MGH

Words by M. Dieter, 1916

OUR FACULTY and SUPERVISORS

SYLVIA PERKINS, R.N., M.A.

Assistant Director of the School of Nursing and Chairman of the Degree Program.

JESSIE STEWART, R.N., B.S.

Assistant Director of the School of Nursing and Chairman of the Diploma Program

EDNA LEPPER, R.N., B.S.
Assistant Director of Nursing Service.

ANNA VIDEN, R.N.
Supervisor of Residences

HELEN SHERWIN R.N., M.A.
Supervisor of Instruction in Science.

KATHERINE HARDEMAN, R.N., M.S.
Supervisor of Clinical Instruction

EVA HICKS, R.N.
Administrative Assistant

HELEN CHURCH
Student Counsellor

INSTRUCTORS

Back row, left to right: B. Woodbury, R.N., B.S.; E. Grogan, R.N., B.S.; M. Quinlan, R.N., B.S., M.S.; L. MacBeth, R.N., B.S., M. Rearick, R.N., B.S., M.A.; M. Hamilton, R.N.
Front row, left to right: M. May, R.N.; A. Corkum, R.N., B.S., M. Johnson, R.N.; G. Bellam, R.N., B.S.; E. Wolseley, R.N., B.S.

SUPERVISORS

Back row, left to right: E. Andrews, R.N., B.S.; M. Rearick, R.N., B.S., M.A.; E. Wolseley, R.N., B.S.; J. Ross, R.N., B.S.; M. Mow, R.N., B.S.; A. Crouty, R.N.; E. Grogan, R.N., B.S.; I. O'Leary, R.N., B.S.; J. Defenderfer, R.N.
Front row, left to right: A. Corkum, R. N., B.S.; F. Grady, R.N., B.S.; M. Mathie, R.N.; D. Corbett, R.N., B.S.; N. Coughlan, R.N.

Seniors

SEPTEMBER

Ruth Marie Bakutis
Ruthie
70 Alden Street
Brockton, Mass.
A little, pretty, witty, charming, darling she — as nice a girl as could ever be.

Janice M. Ball
Jan
22 Bushnell Street
Mattapan, Mass.
A quiet nature and a generous heart.

Pauline C. Beauvais
Polly
3 Sonoma Place
Holyoke, Mass.
A pleasant disposition is the very soul of success.

Evelyn C. Bragg
Evvie
14 Melrose Place
Ridgewood, New Jersey
The lass so neat with a smile so sweet.

Charlotte Alice Brown
Brownie
34 Knight Street
Milford, New Hampshire
Reason and calm judgment, the qualities especially belonging to a leader.

Claudia A. Brown
Dee
41 Lake Street
Wrentham, Mass.
The more the mischief the better the sport.

CLASS

Betty Ann Cross
Betty
R 832 Lynnfield Street
Lynnfield, Mass.
From a little spark may burst a mighty flame.

Margaret S. Brown
Margy
39 Revere Parkway
Pittsfield, Mass.
Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world.

Martha Ann Culver
Marty
16 Chapin Street
Brattleboro, Vermont
Fate makes our relatives, but choice our friends.

Muriel F. Buck
Bucky
Harrison, Maine
Wit makes its own welcome and levels all distinctions.

Mary Anne Curry
Mare
137 Winter Street
Brockton, Mass.
The Hand that made thee fair also made thee good.

Dorothy Anne Cope
Dot
657 State Street
Hamburg, Pennsylvania
Stillness of person and steadiness of character are signal marks of goodness.

Mary Janet Denney
Janet
120 Washington Street
South Groveland, Mass.
Oh little maiden so fine and fair, with your dreaming eyes and golden hair.

Else Marie (Brande) Dion
Elsie
29 Somerset Street
Boston, Mass.
Each time a girl smiles and more when she laughs, it adds something to her fragment of life.

Maureen Claire Donnelly
Maureen
23 Stephens Street
Lynn, Mass.
There never was an angel with red hair.

Joan Maureen Donahue
Donny
Hemlock Drive
Natick, Mass.
As good natured a soul as ever trod on the shore.

Natalie Downing
Nat
29 High Street
Ayer, Mass.
Humor and wit all in one, to be with her is truly fun.

Barbara Anne Edson
Barb
174 Arundel Avenue
West Hartford, Conn.
I cannot predict the actions of this woman.

Theresa A. Guichard
Terry
8 Oak Street
Nashua, New Hampshire
A witty woman is a treasure,
To have her company is always a pleasure.

Elaine D. Green
Elaine
44 Prindiville Avenue
Framingham, Mass.
A genial manner makes life's journey smooth.

Katherine June Hamilton
Kay June
1154 Hyde Park Avenue
Hyde Park, Mass.
It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends.

Pamela (Presbrey) Grinell
Pam
10 North Monroe Street
Ridgewood, New Jersey
A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Mary Kathleen Harrison
Kay
420 13th Street
Lakewood, New Jersey
Wit now and then struck smartly, shows a spark of life.

Cecily M. Grist
Ces
Brom Dutcher Road
Buzzards Bay, Mass.
Sleep that knits the ravelled sleeve of care.

Helen Louise Hughes
Helen
30 Cross Street
Quincy, Mass.
The will to do and the soul to dare.

Mary (Alexander) Kuokol
Mary
9 Davis Street
Mansfield, Mass.
Happiness seems made to be shared with others.

Kathleen (Kerrigan) Jolkowski
Kitty
Allan Street
Boston, Mass.
She is happy who knows no cares.

Helen M. Kukuk
Kuk
290 Manor Avenue
Kingston, New York
One thing is forever good and that one thing is success.

Theresa D. Kaczka
Tree
59 North Pond Street
Bristol, Connecticut
Life has a value only when it has something valuable as its object.

Joan K. Lacey
Lacey
48 Fairmont Avenue
Kingston, New York
'Tis good will and pleasantness that breeds intelligence.

Mary E. Lyons
Mary
29 Kenmore Road
Stoughton, Mass.
There was a star that danced and under that star she was born.

Muriel S. Landerman
Muddy
63 Van Buren Avenue
West Hartford, Connecticut
Mind cannot follow it, nor word express her infinite beauty and gentle sweetness.

Aileen Malone
Aileen
133 S.W. 21st Place
Woodland Park
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
She seems quiet, she seems shy, but ah, the mischief in her eyes.

Martha Ann Lange
Martha
8 Temple Avenue
Lake Boone, Hudson, Mass.
Variety is the very spice of life that gives it all its flavor.

Marilyn June Marnett
Mal
118 Warwick Avenue
Stratford, Connecticut
Ability involves responsibility; power to its last particle is duty.

Madelyn Rae Leggatt
Madelyn
41 Bird Street
Quincy, Mass.
She is never alone that enjoys the solitude of her own thoughts.

Margaret Viola Mattie
Vi
New Ipswich
New Hampshire
Se'f confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.

Barbara Irene Mayer
Bim
386 St. Cloud Avenue
West Orange, New Jersey
The very sweetness that surrounds her makes one want to be her friend.

Janet Louise Meserve
Janet
323 West Main Street
Tilton, New Hampshire
Sigh no more, my girl, sigh no more.

Katherine Ann Monahan
Kathy
206 Linden Street
Everett, Mass.
God is proud of those who are tall.

Elaine M. (Dearden) Morrissette
Elaine
89 Arnold Street
Methuen, Mass.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are good.

Virginia Mulhern
Ginny
7 Fordham Street
Arlington, Mass.
No woman was ever wise by chance, her subtle humor with us all enhance.

Gretchen (Riedell) Perry
Gretch
33 West Street
Attleboro, Mass.
A genial manner makes life's journey smooth.

Lorraine Mullikin
Lolly
12 Pratt Street
Nashua, New Hampshire
Comedy is the fuontain of sound success.

Marilyn N. Pistoresi
Mal
164 Exchange Street
Rockland, Mass.
She is little and wise and there is so much energy in her size.

Sally Nash
Sally
1979 Boulevard
West Hartford, Connecticut
Her brain contains ten thousand cells,
In each some active fancy dwells.

Rose Procpoio
Rosie
127 Cherry Street
Brockton, Mass.
It is better to debate a question without settling than to settle it without a debate.

Mildred O'Toole
Mildred
89 Mount Pleasant Street
New Bedford, Mass.
To achieve success not by heritage but by individual effort is the greatest joy in life.

Catherine M. Purcell
Kay
19 Cross Street
Newton, Mass.
I have a heart with room for every joy.

Donna (Thomas) Sasso
Donna
33 Bartlett Street
Malden, Mass.
Not by years but by disposition is happiness acquired.

Norma J. Simmons
Harry
Little Compton
Rhode Island
The apparel oft proclaims the woman.

Julia (Wilson) Stevens
Judy
32 Federal Street
Brunswick, Maine
Dependability is the strength that breeds a deep friendship.

Harriet (Misterly) Stewart
Harriet
6 Brooklands
Bronxville, New York
Her eyes express happiness and joy.

Valerie Szalkiewicz
Val
73 Wilcox Street
Bristol, Connecticut
Cheerfulness and content are famous preservers of youthful looks.

Mary Joan Wall
Joan
85 East Main Street
Clinton, Connecticut
It is nice to be natural when you are naturally nice.

Priscilla Tandy
Pris
80 Washington Avenue
Kingston, New York
A pleasant way is an offshoot of goodness and wisdom.

Carolyn (Bradford) Williams
Carol
Hebron
Maine
Gaze into her eyes and you see a little angel,
Gaze a little longer and you see a little imp.

Beverly Anne Travers
Bev
435 Bolton Street
New Bedford, Mass.
Live, love, laugh and be happy.

Margaret Wright
Peggy
Pleasant Street
Barre, Mass.
A carefree heart doth build happiness for the possessor.

Georgia Lee Van der Zee
Georgia
54 Townsend Avenue
Newburgh, New York
She is pretty to walk with and pleasant to talk with.

MARCH

Hope (Michel) Bakken
Levittown
New York
Happy is the woman well wed.

Marie Janet Baudin
Newport
R. I.
Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Joanne Beltrandi
57 Harding Street
North Agawam, Mass.
The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Nancy Elizabeth Boucher
11 Concolor Avenue
Newton 58, Mass.
Dark hair and laughing eyes, full of fun and carefree sighs.

Ruth Ann Bradley
Hancock
N. H.
Laughter and seriousness form the hands of friendship.

Barbara Jeanne Browne
262 Whiting Avenue
Dedham, Mass.
Let us have pleasure, joy and laughter.

CLASS

Maija Duks
4 Logan Street
Roxbury, Mass.
The secret to success is constancy to purpose.

Brenda Campbell
Greenwood Lake
North Attleboro, Mass.
Her eyes as dark as the skies, her smile as bright as the stars.

Jeanne Dumas
Lisbon Falls
Maine
Personality is to the woman what perfume is to the flower.

Rose Marie Davidites
129 Franklin Street
Clinton, Mass.
I've taken my fun where I have found it.

Margaret Dunn
10 Dayton Street
Augusta, Maine
Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food.

Helen Davis
Holderness,
N. H.
I am restless, I have a thirst for far away things.

Barbara F. Durfee
1299 Commonwealth Avenue
Allston, Mass.
Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.

Janet C. Durno
222 Valley View Drive
Medford, Oregon
The apparel oft proclaims the woman.

Carolyn Foss
Strafford
N. H.
Her smile is worth a million and doesn't cost a cent.

Barbara (Mackay) Gallien
Warwick
R. I.
In every deed of mischief she hath a hand.

Barbara Jeanne Gunsolus
62 Northampton Street
Easthampton, Mass.
What would life be without humor.

Charlotte Ann Hammond
448 Serman Street
Canton, Mass.
Good nature is an asset.

Dorothy Ann Holm
385 Belmont Street
Wollaston, Mass.
Without sports life would be useless.

Alexandrina Ann Hickey
95 Jasper Street
Berlin, N. H.
We know nothing of tomorrow, our business is to be good and happy today.

Aina Jacobsons
54 East Central Street
Natick, Mass.
Born for success with grace to win.

M. V. Hines
547 Hyde Park Avenue
Roslindale, Mass.
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure alone are measured.

Charlene T. Kiley
23 Albin Street
Concord, N. H.
Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others can not keep it from themselves.

Marjorie Ann Hinekley
North Livermore
Maine
Always willing to share the burden of any task.

Margaret A. Lamb
Rangeley
Maine
What sweet delight a quiet life affords.

Anita Mary LePage
27 Plymouth Street
Lawrence, Mass.
Assurance is two-thirds of success.

Elinor Louise McGaughey
78 South Franklin Street
Holbrook, Mass.
Good humor is one of the best articles of dress that one can wear.

Ann C. Mahoney
366 Mill Street
New Bedford, Mass.
She was made for happy thoughts, playful wit and laughter.

Lorraine V. Marchand
5 Tilton Street
Methuen, Mass.
One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation.

Mary Jane Marchand
4 Johnson Street
Brockton, Mass.
It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends.

Priscilla Pitman
45 Summit Avenue
Salem, Mass.
Happiness depends, as nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.

Patricia Jane O'Neil
253 Center Street
South Groveland, Mass.
It's love that makes the world go round.

Dolores Porlier
Turners Falls
Mass.
Virtue is its own reward.

Virginia Orfanello
20 Crockett Avenue
Dorchester, Mass.
Culture is not a substitute for life but the key to it.

Ruth M. Prior
116 Keeney Street
Manchester, Conn.
To win her heart, is to win a life long friend.

Mary Antoinette Pell
32 Wilder Street
Broekton, Mass.
A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

Jane Frances Riddell
543 Commercial Street
East Braintree, Mass.
A cheerful disposition makes the world go round.

Barbara Elaine Riley
25 Wilton Avenue
Pawtucket, Rhode Island
It is better to be small and shine, than to be tall and cast a shadow.

Elaine Robbins
Union
Maine
True to her work, her word, her friends.

Shirley Sanker
3 Charles Street
Belfast, Maine
Leisure is the best of all possessions.

Nancy E. Stone
New Market
N. H.
Above our life we love a steadfast friend.

Constance J. Straw
Owl Road
Campton, N. H.
Through her expressive eyes, her soul distinctly spoke.

Elizabeth Sulinski
Northampton
Mass.
Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves.

Emma Taatjes
779 Broadway Street
Saugus, Mass.
There is no knowledge which is not valuable.

Anna Marie Vozzella
34 Story Avenue
Lynn, Mass.
Thought is deeper than all speech.

Patricia Ann Walker
23 Dane Street
Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Let each one exercise the art she knows best.

Dorothy West
Lovers Lane
Harvard, Mass.
Deeds are better than words are, actions mightier than boastings.

Joanne Barbara Willis
1104 Montello Street
Brockton, Mass.
She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with.

Mary Ellen Winn
379 Madison Avenue
Berlin, N. H.
An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

Anne Long
87 Albion Place
Staten Island, New York
The most manifest sign of wisdom is pleasantness.

We, the members of the graduating class, wish to extend a sincere note of thanks to our advisors, MISS QUINLAN and MISS WOLSELEY. In their kindness, they have patiently guided us through our many activities and projects, designed to make our student days more happy.

HISTORY ★ PROPHECY

1954 ★ WILL ★ 1955

"SEPTEMBER" HISTORY

As we leave training, each girl will go forth remembering things that have meant the most to her during the past three years. Some memories will be sharp and real, others will blur and fade, but as the years pass it will take but a brief word or phrase to recall the cherished happenings of our training. 'It seems like only yesterday' has already replaced the well worn phrase 'I can hardly wait' that began back in August of '51. As we reminisce, our history will serve as the only reminder needed.

Yes, it does seem like only yesterday . . . August 28, 1951 . . . ninety determined gals beseiged MGH . . . us. Remember tea on the lawn . . . so many strangers, the faculty in their starched whites shone with authority. How we hated to say goodbye to the family. Soon faces became names and bound by a common aim, that day began some of the most treasured friendships of life. Remember . . . meal tickets and the cafeteria . . . our tray style of dining. Roommates and the dorms; we heard you could see the river from our windows but no one got the directions. Charles St. . . . no elevators, the fire escapes, the church chimes and the busy BFD. Thayer and the tunnel to the hospital, daily tea in the living room and those alley rooms. Remember the maze of corridors, getting lost and the stack of books they gave us. TCR and OPD were places but what was prn? Anatomy and nerves, chemistry and formulas, micro and pharmacology. Learning the art of making a bed and with someone in it too. The first day we put on our checks and what happened to them after the laundry got them. Quizzes and exams, E's and F's. When we finally got our bibs and the disadvantage of being mistaken for an older student. Our solo flight on the wards, when we couldn't tell an intern from maintainance. The thrill of watching our first operation and the surprise that none of us fainted. Despite our fears and gripes, probie period ended and that first vacation was more than welcome.

As S1's we stepped forth cautiously, some into medicine with its hotpacks, bedpans and fear of cardiacs, some into surgery, White 7, colostomy enemas and post-ops, and others into specialties with traction, peri-care and gravity drainage. We weathered the DK and its hairnets, CSR with its IV tubing and the recovery room. Under the guiding eye of our clinical interns, we learned to do more on our own and never dared forget to do our clinic and diagnosis sheets. We started working relief and realized why the older students welcomed our presence so. Before too long we experienced the graveyard shift . . . night duty for the first time. Classes continued all year round and slowly we got used to the idea of helping a doctor and to being called nurse, without wondering who was being called. And it felt pretty good not to be the youngest class.

Passing into our second year, we felt a little more confident and yet safe from too much responsibility in our flat-tops. We itched from White 8 but OPD was grand . . . no relief and weekends off. There we also drew our first blood and it was hard to tell who was more frightened, the patient or nurse. How B3 terrified us . . . 02 tents, tourniquets and Allan Streets. We sure needed that next vacation whether it came in the summer for a few lucky ones or in February.

BL1 was our first venture into foreign territory and it was met with varied opinions. Regardless of how we felt, none of us can soon forget the thrill of witnessing a birth, be it the first or tenth we saw, nor the thrill of just holding those little cherubs. Nights on postpartum and delivery, Ward L either as a patient or a nurse, it impressed us the same. Obs classes and Miss Huttenmaier's

famed query . . . what is the commonest cause of pregnancy? Dorm life at BLI is a memory that will always be with us . . . the parties, the housemothers and the closeness that affiliations afforded us. We survived it all and back to MGH.

The OR proved fascinating and intriguing as we joined the ranks of foreign legionnaires in our too-long scrub gowns, gloves and headgear. The mass confusion of instruments and catgut gave many of us a good case of stomachum nervosum, and how could they dare let us first scrub? Ofttimes the surgeon thought the same things as we shuddered under their fury, and later listened to the apologies. Amidst the mess of sutures and needles, we emerged having experienced on call, sore feet and the idea of being a part of the surgical team.

McLean was our destination for psychiatry and we felt exiled into obscurity way out in Waverly. We learned how to eat and still be hungry and the Coffee Shoppe or ward kitchens furnished what the cafeteria didn't. East House will be legendary to all who worked there and each of us has many little stories of our days there. It was a friendly place and real pretty but what would we have done without the fire escapes, taxicabs or each other? Some would have preferred to stay but to most of us three months was plenty and we were eager to return to our fair city.

We entered Pedie rather wary of what to expect and soon found out that children belong to an altogether different species. Their actions were unpredictable and to get medicines or injections into them was a major project. How a sick child touched our hearts and how we marveled at their powers of recovery. We all experienced true maternal feeling as we sat to feed or rock the babies on Burnham 4 or comforted the tears of others. Routine was so different . . . less to bathe, easier to turn and bell cords, praise be, kids didn't know how to use them, or else found them to be a grand toy. These three months in Pedie really flew and we left, many of us vowing we would return.

The date, January 4, will mean little to us unless you add Capping and then we shall never forget it . . . more excited than ever before. Remember that snappy march we sauntered in to and when Miss Sleeper placed the cap on our head . . . the reception afterwards at Bartlett Hall. That was our dream dorm where as seniors we lived as queens in the modern style with plenty of light and closet space. Some even agreed to bunkbeds in order to move in and after Parkman and North Grove we couldn't blame them.

With internship came the cessation of classes and we were guided into the ways of a grad . . . learning, many times the hard way, the responsibility it entailed. Our first check made us all feel like millionaires but we soon found it didn't last long. We seemed strangers in our pictures as we gained a glimpse of what we looked like in white and just being fitted for our graduation uniforms showed us that the end was in sight. The night we discarded our checks for formal gowns to bring us together for that long-to-be-remembered formal, and at long last . . . GRADUATION DAY . . . without a doubt the greatest thrill of all, as Bullfinch Lawn was transformed into the realization of a goal set back in August 1951. Then came Baccalaureate and back into the closet went our cherished whites as we donned our checks for the last few months.

Three years of living and working together has made its impression on each and everyone of us by the memories of the things we have seen and shared. Now it is with both pride and sadness that we accept the MGH pin . . . it will forever bind us as a single class and signify the three years of training together but it will also mean the end of friendship. We must admit, those of us who have come the distance from 1951 will always share in what MGH has given us and what we have given to each other.

CLASS WILL "SEPTEMBER"

As we, the class of September, '54, prepare to try our own wings, we wish to leave with our mother institution some of the prized possessions she has bestowed on us and some of the traits by which she has come to know us, in order that she may always remember us, her children. And so, being of sound mind and body, we do hereby bequeath the following, declaring this to be our last will and testament:

Ruth Bakutis leaves a life size diagram of Russell's traction for the future othopedic students.

Janice Ball offers Paul Panda as official chaperone in Bartlett Hall Beaux Parlors.

Polly Beauvais leaves her black and green shoes: "they look better on than off."

Carol Bradford leaves those early a.m. walks at BLI to those who are wondering where she went.

Evie Bragg wills one ankle bandage to anyone game for a time-consuming toboggan ride.

Else Brande Dion leaves her laugh and hopes that it will behave at the proper times.

Charlotte Brown leaves her office as president to anyone who might enjoy such a headache.

Dee Brown offers her parking space at McGarry's garage, excluding the car, of course.

Margy Brown leaves the patterns and extra material used on the bathing suits from "Tempus Fugits".

Bucky (Muriel) Buck leaves night duty and all aspects of it, plus an alarm clock to get you there on ti e.

Dot Cope offers a couple of extra inches to the gals who can't reach the top shelves.

Betty Cross wills her art talents and all the clever posters she's made.

Marty Culver leaves her matchmaking ability which is guaranteed to get girls engaged.

Mary Ann Curry offers her worn out phrase, "has he got a friend?" in exchange for a party invitation.

Elaine Dearden Morrisette leaves her sweet, quiet manner that has won her so many friends.

Janet Denny leaves her loyalty to MIT, in hopes that someone can make use of it.

Maureen Donnelly offers one slightly worn bed. It has served her well.

Joan Donohue leaves her magic prescription that did the trick that so many diets failed to do.

Nat Downing wills her ability at rapid fire repartee. She's a sharp shooter and quick on the trigger.

Barb Edson leaves her many visits to authority, hoping that whoever receives this bequeath can cut down on the time consumed.

Elaine Green offers her orange, goldfish. They are weary of making so many trips to and from affiliations, vacations, etc.

Cecily Grist leaves her record for sleeping through classes to anyone who might care to break it.

Terry Gnichard gives her weekly round trip passage to Nashua. Her faithfulness to the bus company has merited her a free seat every week.

Kay June Hamilton offers a solution for those who mistake her so consistently for Jan Ball.

Kay Harrison wills the craving for grapes that she gained on coming to the MGH.

Helen Hughes leaves her appendix. No one can claim that she didn't fight to keep it.

Theresa Kaczka leaves the infants in Pedie and wishes she could take them with her.

Kitty Kerrigan Jolkowski offers her new and extra aprons to those in need. They served her well.

Mary Alexander Kuokol wills one slightly used Kosher pickle and directions on how to get more.

Helen Kukuk bequeaths her chignon. It has made a wonderful rest for the tall cap.

Joan Lacey leaves her walking stick and worn out loafers from long and cold treks from MIT to Boston.

Muddy Lauderman offers a bit of her patience. Anyone in this business can certainly use it.

Martha Lange leaves her rent-free room on White 12 and a sure cure for laryngitis.

Madelyn Leggat wills her recipe for lemon meringue pies with a warning to keep it hidden to avoid bedlam come food sale time.

Mary Lyons leaves her position as choreographer for "Tempus Fugits" and all the laughs that went with it.

Aileen Malone leaves one bowl of clam chowder and three months "vacation".

Mal Marnett offers the enthusiasm and interest that she brought with her from our probie days.

Vi Mattie leaves a sequel to the song, "Autumn in Vermont", entitled "Weekends There are Better".

Bim Mayer leaves the presidency of SNCA and a trip to Chicago to the next "head".

Janet Meserve leaves with teeth marks in her leg to remind her of Burnham.

Harriet Misterly Stewart leaves her voracious appetite, but warns she may return for it some day.

Kathy Monohan offers her membership in the tall club. It has its advantages.

Gavinnia Mulhern leaves her habit of sending for pamphlets and bulletins with which to harass her friends.

Loli Milllikin leaves one unwritten surgical case study and asks that the recipient please do a careful job.

Sally Nash leaves her ambition. It's inexhaustible.

Mildred O'Toole gladly offers her alarm clock. It was of no use to her.

Mal Pistoresi wills those crazy, zipper shoes. They're comfortable.

Pam Presbrey leaves a wealth of travel folders. She's enjoyed many a vicarious vacation through them.

Rose Procopio offers Baker OR and what it did for her.

Kay Purcell bequeaths the trials and tribulations of the Jude Board. Hmmm.

Gretchen Riedell Perry leaves her maiden name in hopes that she'll emerge as Mrs. Perry and not Riedell oops Mrs. Perry.

Harry Simmons offers her many, little, extra vacations. They helped to pass the time so pleasantly.

Val Szalkiewiez wills her duty shoes. They are still wearable.

Pris Tandy leaves a course in advertising. She did a splendid job on "Checks".

Donna Thomas Sasso leaves her seat on the milk train from Malden.

Bev Travers offers the memory of a special party at BLI and her willingness for more at the slightest suggestion.

Georgia Van Der Zee bequeaths her position in the MGH chorus line. The garters must be self-supplied.

Joan Wall leaves the fire escape at Higginson House. What would she have done without it?

Julie Wilson Stevens offers her one last late permission, the only remaining one after three years.

Peggy Wright gives some oil for the midnight lamp that she's burned so many times.

Ann Long leaves the unique position as the only co-ordinated member of the class.

The undersigned do testify this to be the last will and testament of our class of student nurses at the MGH,

September, 1954

"SEPTEMBER" PROPHECY

WEATHER FORECAST
nothing but blue skies

POST

FINAL EDITION
5 cents

VOL. CXXIV NO. 28 BOSTON, MASS. JUNE 4, 1980

TOWN TO BE PAINTED RED

PHILADELPHIA — Senator Joe O'Toole, President of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Communists," has announced the forthcoming fashion show to be held at Independence Hall on July 4th, at 8 p.m. Proceeds from the affair will be used to further their current project — investigating the investigators of the Investigating Committee. The theme of the show will be "Everything is rosy in tones from pink to red." Czarina Cecily, of the House of Morrisette, world famous designer, will display her latest Siberian creations. The entire show will be broadcast over station WRED under the auspices of the Valerie Vodka Company. This program has been chosen for rebroadcast in front of the Iron Curtain. As an added attraction, the noted composer, conductor, and critic, Beverly Traversky will render several selections on her Moscovian guitar which will include her currently popular dirge, "The Fifth Amendment Blues."

SPACE SPEEDERS SMASH

MARS (a-z) — Rocket owned and operated by Priscilla Tandy of Planet Place was involved in a mid-space collision with a rocket owned and operated by Kay Purcell of Milky Way. This brings our accident toll for the week to 1954. The collision occurred when Pilot Tandy broke her goggles as she stopped to ask directions of Patrolmen Perry and Leggatt. The crash was witnessed by several on-the-spot Junior Birdmen, identified as Capt. Mulhern, Cpl. Mullikin, and Pfc. Nash. The trial has been scheduled for Saturday morning and the defendant will be represented by the firm of Donnelly, Donahue, and Downing with Judge Cope presiding. The licenses have been suspended pending further investigation.

SCHOONER ARRIVES SAFELY AFTER STORM

Bulletin — The Queen Mary Anne has arrived in New York, enronte from Boston, after struggling five miles out to sea. Owing to the quick thinking of Capt. Hughes, the ship skirted the coast of England, France and the Cape of Good Hope until the Simmons Weather Bureau gave the all clear. All hands safe, the valiant schooner was lauded in New York by Mayor Mayer. Among the passengers were Ruth Bakutis who will direct the Superintendency of Midwifery in the Far East and Janet Denney who will be in charge of children.

MEDICAL MILESTONES — BOOK REVIEW

Placenta Takes Hold, by Katherine Monahan, AC, SSE, and Marilyn Marnett, BPH, TUR: Long, Lange and Lyons, publishers, $3.00

Mark Twain Misterly, Lit. Editor

Recent collaboration of Marnett and Monahan has brought forth a report of the modern obstetrical theories. The most important of these is the disclosure that post partal holding of the placenta, rather than the fundus, as was previously thought, is an absolute necessity.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Alaska — Nurse Harrison perfects headgears for gnomes in Nome.

Waverly — Ball and Edson will join the Mountaineer Hall of Fame after their conquest of Mount McLean.

Paris — Presbrey and Pistoresi, famous perfumers, have brought their newest product "Euphoria" to this country, leaving countless Europeans up in the air.

FLOWER SHOW ANNOUNCED

Boston — It's rose time on Blossom Street when noses turned toward the delicate aroma of the fragrant flowers cultivated at Bartlett Horticultural Hall. Chief Gardener Landerman completed arrangements for the forthcoming annual flower show, the proceeds of which will go to the senior class at MGH. Highlighting the occasion will be the showing of the Procopio Rose by Violet Mattie.

MGH AND MIT MEET

Cambridge — Crowds lined the banks of the mighty Charles today to witness MGH and MIT meet in a spectacular swimming event. It marked the first time an attempt was made to swim the length of the Charles. Terry Gnichard .Chadwick represented MGH, while Waterwings Hamilton braved the turbulent turf for MIT. The crowds thrilled to the speed and perseverance with which the swimmers slid beneath the low lying bridges. Bitter winds roused angry whitecaps this afternoon. Terry had protected her body with a thick coat of dehydrated petrolatum so it would keep dry. From the very beginning the judging of the contest was made difficult by the closeness of competition. Then with only three minutes left, Terry put on an amazing burst of speed to go ahead of Waterwings and become the winner. At the finish line, famed roving waterways reporter, Jules Wilson rowed over to terribly thrilled Terry and asked for a statement. Terry reddened for a minute and then answered, "I thought I saw my meal ticket floating ahead of me."

ADVERTISING COMMITTEE MEETS

The board of directors of the advertising committee under the leadership of M. Culver has approved the following ads for use in commercial magazines.

KACZKA'S PERSONAL SHOPPE
Beauty Hints
by Mlle. Beauvais
between 2 and 4 p.m. by app't. only

Oh the agony . . .
Oh the pain . . .
TRY MOTHER MESERVES
Panacea Pill for Pleurisy
BRAGG PHARMACY . . . MAIN STREET

BUCK AND BRADFORD PRESENT
"Kitty and Company"
currently appearing at the Circus Room of the Hotel Bradford
Tickets may be purchased at Brown, Brown, Brown and Green Ticket Agency
17 White Way

ALWAYS ASK BY NAME
BRANDE'S NAME FOUNDATION

YOUR TV GUIDE FOR TODAY

5:00 KUKUK, Fran and Ollie
6:00 Across the Continent With Cross NEWS
6:15 Hour of Fantasy starring Cherry Ames, Lacey Barton
8:00 Young Doctor Malone, starring Joan "Doc" Wall
8:30 Mrs. Koukol's Kitchen guest, Donna Sasso
9:00 Rinso Theatre
"You Can't Take It With You", or "It is Chained to the Desk"
starring Georgia Van der Zee

"MARCH" HISTORY

March 6, 1952

Dear Mom and Pop,

Time has just flown since you left me after the tea on Tuesday. You would never believe all that has happened to me. My big sister, Marge, took me out along with a gang of her friends with their little sisters. Gee, Mom, they are swell, but what stories they tell! Mary Jane, that is my roommate's name, and I talked until almost 1:30 when we came in that night. We sure wished we hadn't when the alarm clock rang at six A.M. I didn't realize that people were even up at that time much less on the streets.

Yesterday we had our physicals. What odd stares we got parading through the Out-Patient Dept. in our P.J.'s. You would think people had never seen sixty girls in robes before.

Could you send some of your rubbing alcohol? My back needs it after carrying all our books home to 92 Charles and then up to the fifth floor. Enclosed is a short list of things I couldn't fit into my suitcases. Please hurry the can opener along.

Love,

Beth

March 20, 1952

Dear Parents,

Please excuse the delay but I have been so busy since my arrival. Up at six for roll call at 7:45 A.M. Our classes last almost all day and of course we study like little beavers at night. Usually we start about 11 P.M., however.

Marge took me to the Big Sister-Little Sister party the other night. What a riot that was. It was almost as much fun as the Cootie Party that our instructors gave us. They seem real nice. Marge says we have beach parties at Lynn Beach during the summer. Can hardly wait to see a whole ocean.

There is a big exam in Micro tomorrow so I must get busy.

Love to all,

Beth

July 8, 1952

Mother (read this to Pop),

We are going to the beach next week. My bathing suit just doesn't fit me any more. Please save me from being the laughing joke from the hills of Maine. I still don't see how I could have put on all that weight. M.J. and I hardly eat a thing at night and our meals are very well balanced. Please, please send some money as soon as possible.

How is my father today?

Your chubby daughter,

Beth

Sept. 4, 1952

Hi, Folks,

Here I am a big SI. Never thought I would see the day. Those new Probies are so dumb. Honestly we were never as dense as they. Guess it takes time to learn. Eighteen of our kids went into Surgery. The rest of us are in Medicine. Right now I'm trying to remember to take salt shakers off the low salt trays. I only had three come back today. Of course, there were only three to go out, but as I say it takes time to learn.

Do I ever miss those summer concerts on the Esplanade. Maybe Bach can compare to Louis Armstrong after all. M.J. and I both live at Thayer now. We have alley rooms overlooking the pool. It is very interesting to watch out my window.

Another relief tonight. This time I will get off on time. Will write soon.

Your tired daughter,

Beth

Dec. 20, 1952

Mother and Father,

This is to tell you that I am in love. I went to our Christmas Formal Friday night with the most divine Med Student. The hall was done all in blue. It was so beautiful, even if it all did fall down the night before. He said blue was his favorite color just like it is mine. Would you please send me that blue wool dress I haven't worn. You only bought it for me last year.

A few more weeks and I start surgery. That should be fun. The only bandage I have ever seen is what my dear little brother has all over his knees.

I must try to go and study now. If I can possibly concentrate on "Ulcers".

Love,

Dr. and Mrs. —

April 17, 1953

My dear Parents,

Just finished the "Battle of Food" on Burnham Four. These little kids are so cute. Maybe a younger brother isn't so bad after all. We have vacation in another month and a half. Please have my bed ready for me.

The other half of us is at B.L.I. Then they go to McLean, so we hardly ever see each other. We will be back together in our Internship. Just think — $30 a month.

My official title is now S2, please. A few of us have decided to revive the old newspaper called "The Drawsheet." We have lots of fun writing it and everyone likes to read it although they don't care to buy it. There is a program called Broader Horizons that is just super. They sponsor all sorts of lectures on art, music, and of course homemaking.

Remember the Med Student who went to the formal with me? His name is Dick. He is still around but with another girl. Men, phooey.

Say hi to everyone for me and please send some more of those cookies.

Beth

August 15, 1953

Mr. and Mrs. Jones,

Don't ever be ashamed of your common name again. I have been trying to say names for two weeks now in O.P.D. Some of them are impossible to pronounce, and

besides that we have to yell them for half of them are deaf.

Two more weeks and I start trying to regulate traction. The first week on the ward and I'll probably break my own leg.

Excuse me while I go read my foreign dictionary.

Love,

Beth

Nov. 30, 1953

Dear Mom and Pop,

G.U. and Gyn. are now out of the way. I have never seen so many bottles on one floor in my life. We have been learning a lot about diseases of old age. I don't mean to imply anything but have you both had physicals lately?

We have started work on our year book, "Checks", now that "Tempus Fugits" is all over with. I had a big part in it. I was the daughter that was never seen but talked about.

Beth (Monroe) Jones

December 10, 1953

Dearest Mother and Father,

Why don't some parents teach their children manners. I got called at one A.M. to scrub on an op. Honestly the way that doctor yelled at me simply because I couldn't remember he was left-handed. He didn't think it was the least bit funny when he asked for a toboggan for the patient's arm, that I replied, "I don't have one handy but let me call for a sled and we can go bellyflopping." Some people have no sense of humor.

After I get to McLean I will be able to find out what is wrong with him.

Must go study my sutures. Write soon.

Beth

February 26, 1954

Mom and Pop,

Food, food, is all we ask. We have been at McLean for a month now. The man in the Coffee Shop is sick of my huge orders every day about five P.M.

Remember Dick? He called the other day but I have decided that he is a paranoid schiz and not my type at all. Besides who wants to wait six months for a date. Time just seems to fly around here. There is some sort of a cottage that the kids visit at night. Something like the "Friendly Soda Shop" in the square at home.

The Walcott Dances are all through for the year and forever, I guess. They were lots of fun. The girls on one side and the boys on the other. Our motto was "I met him at the Walcott Dance while they played 'All or Nothing at All', and there he was, nothing at all." One of the kids married the boy she met there so that isn't all true.

Off to the Coffee Shop for a snack. M.J. says "hello".

Love,

Your thin daughter

June 7, 1954

Mater and Pater,

Graduation and Baccalaureate are all over with. It felt so good to be all in white. I'm sending the whole outfit home for you to keep.

We finally get to see B.L.I. on July 6. Can you get down on the 7th for capping? Then we are interns and that first big pay check. It is going into the bank after I buy just a few things.

Love and kisses,

J. D. Rockefeller

July 28, 1954

Dear Pop,

Could you send me some money? That check didn't last long. Next month it really will go into the bank.

Now I know why mom only had seven children. It was too hard on the nurse to have another. The next time one of my friends has a baby I am going to send a sympathy card. Well, I guess they are rather cute after all.

Dick has been over a lot lately. I hope you can get to see me and meet him soon. He really is not a bad egg after all. He starts his Internship next year. Guess where? At M.G.H. of course. I was going to work in Pedie when I finished and he just happens to be majoring in the same field.

Ask mother if she still has our baby dresses. Tell her not to throw them out for they are too pretty.

Love,

Beth

November 5, 1954

My parents,

Now that I have only three months to go before I graduate, I am feeling very sad. All the fun and good times of student days will soon be over. I will miss all the kids so much when we leave. M. J. is going to work here with me. That will be rare.

Can I ever thank you enough for what you have given me? Isn't it too bad childern don't appreciate their parents earlier. M.G.H. sure has been fun, besides an opportunity for meeting and knowing people along with learning. I have met some wonderful people here. By the way Dick and I are going to be married next spring. I got my ring last night.

Thanks again for everything.

Love,

Beth and Dick

"MARCH" WILL

We, the class of March 1955, being of sound mind (after psychoanalysis at McLean) and sound body (thanks to the cafeteria food) do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament. Having survived many hectic reliefs and having learned the signs and symptoms of a few various diseases, leave these beloved possessions to those students who have enough courage to want them.

I, Janet Baudin, leave my walks over the Longfellow Bridge to an SI who doesn't have enough exercise working on White 6.

We, Nancy Boucher and Dot Holm, do regretfully leave the M.D.C. policeman and the Lynn Beach picnics.

I, Ann Bradley, leave some of my height (5'10") to anyone who needs a few inches.

I, Brenda Campbell, leave an abundant amount of "spirits" that will pep up any party.

I, Dolly Daviditis, leave all my unfinished knitt'ng.

I, Helen Davis, leave my ability to find the time to write twelve or more letters a week to someone with a strong ar i.

I, Maija Duks, will my day dreams to any hard-pressed student who feels the need for them.

I, Jean Dumas, hereby bequeath my mailbox to anyone lucky enough to find some mail in it every day.

I, Marge Dunn, leave something? I just hope I don't forget anything.

I, Barb Durfee, leave all my good times and runny black stockings.

I, Jane Durno, will my study hours at Vanderbilt Hall and my plane reservations to the West Coast.

I, Carolyn Foss, will my airmail stamps to anyone else with a fiance far away.

We, Jean Gunsolus and Jo Beltrandi, leave the ability to enjoy McLean to anyone who wants to possess the ability.

I, Charlotte Hammond, leave my scatterbrain to someone who never has had the joy of one.

We, Ann Hickey and Barb Browne, leave to anyone who would like it, our good humor in the A.M. after our famous gab sessions until three A.M.

I, Ginny Hines, bequeath my temperamental alarm clock to someone who is always on time for appointments.

I, Marge Hickley, do leave my pajamas and raincoat to anyone who is talked into going to Minnie's after bed time.

I, Aina Jacobsons, leave my report cards to those who find it hard to study.

I, Charlene Kiley, leave gladly the seclusion room in Bowditch where I spent so much time.

I, Meg Lamb, hereby will my quietness to those individuals who think 1 A.M. is the time to start socializing.

I, Anita LePage, leave the White supervisors with pleasure.

I, Ellie McGaughey, happily leave these mispronunciations: Maguffi, Magoohi, Magawhi, and Mc.....?? Just call me "Mac".

I, Ann Mahoney, leave nothing. I'm taking everything with me.

I, Lorraine Marchand, leave my long walks to someone who enjoys them as much as I do.

I, Mary Jane Marchand, leave my mother's home-cooked food to all those who live far from home, and the M.D.C. swimming pool to all who want to learn to swim.

I, Hope Bakken, leave one single bed in the dormitory for which I have no further use.

I, Pat O'Neil, leave my leaky pen to someone with long distance correspondence.

I, Ginny Orfanello, leave my Radcliffe posture to the Nursing Arts instructors and the probies bent over with books.

I, Mary Pell, leave my fruit bowl for the rest of the hungry nurses coming into training.

I, Priscilla Pittman, do will my long hair to anyone whose roommate is "hair cut happy".

I, Dolores Porlier, leave my pony tail to any girl who comes to the General with a boyish bob.

I, Ruth Prior, will my ability as an "outstanding" bridge player.

I, Jane Riddell, leave my fourth floor shower at Walcott in hopes that someone else will enjoy being clean "outside".

I, Barb Riley, leave my unattached bell cords to the night supervisors.

I, Elaine Robbins, leave the names of several sailors to any lonely nurses.

I, Shirley Sanker, leave my ability to sleep any time, any place.

I, Nancy Stone, leave my two weeks' seclusion at McLean.

I, Connie Straw, leave all my night music programs to some student nurse with insomnia.

I, Betty Sulinski, leave my quietness to the student nurses who become "maniacs" at bedtime.

I, Teddy Taatjes, leave my name "Emma" to any poor girl who wants it.

I, Ann Vozzella, leave my unstudied notes to some conscientious student.

I, Pat Walker, leave my seat in left field at Fenway Park, but not my allegiance to the Red Sox.

I, Dot West, leave many blank checks to the treasurer of next year's class with the hope that she has some money to fill them with.

I, Jo Willis, leave nothing but my sympathy!

I, Mary Ellen Winn, leave my committee meetings to anyone who has an empty calendar and lots of interest.

I, Barb Gallien, leave four months late, with my baby toddling behind me.

"MARCH" PROPHECY

March 4th, 1965

Dear Hope,

Enclosed is my contribution to further the advancement of your newly formed "Bakken Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Student Nurses". What a surprise to hear from you way out in Nevada. You really d'd follow our class motto, "Go West, Young Nurse, Go West".

I'll try to catch you up on the latest doing of our classmates. How the last ten years have whizzed by. Speaking of whizzing by, JO BELTRANDI and BRENDA CAMPBELL frequently fly over these parts as airline hostesses for Trans Continental Airlines. In their last flight to San Francisco they met JANE DURNO who is the wife of an up and coming young intern there.

Some other members of our class have decided to see the world outside of Boston. M. J. MARCHAND and DOT HOLM are participating in the 60 day cross country bicycle marathon. MAIJA DUKS and AINA JACOBSONS have crossed the sea to fulfill their ambition of promoting public health abroad. Down in deep, dark Africa PRISCILLA PITMAN, DOLLY PORLIER, and JANET BAUDIN are running a rest home for frustrated headhunters.

BARB GALLIEN and her husband Dick are very proud of their wheat farm in Minnesota. They have taken to raising more than wheat, and are comparing notes with JEAN DUMAS and her husband who owned a large potato farm in Maine.

Back at M.G.H. many of our classmates have attained responsible positions. ANN MAHONEY is now supervisor of nurses residences. She had excellent preparation for this as kitchen proctor during her three years in training. MARY ELLEN WINN, ELAINE ROBBINS, and BARB DURFEE are private scrub nurses for three eminent physicians at the Phillips House. GINNY ORFANELLO has been made Public Health Supervisor of the North West District after many faithful years of service with the V.N.A. DOT WEST, now treasurer of the Alumni Association, is still trying to pay the bills for our senior class. NANCY BOUCHER is teaching Orthopedics at Boston College School of Nursing. She has had a great deal of inside information on this subject as I'm sure y u will recall.

CAROLYN FOSS and PAT O'NEIL are running a day and night nursery for children . . . their own, of course.

In 1959 I attended the meeting of the NLN in Baltimore. GINNY HINES and BARB BROWN were being honored for their invention of a new type alarm clock. It wakes you up, stands you on your feet, brushes your teeth, and combs your hair. I had the honor of buying the first one for SHIRLEY SANKER, who is still trying to get up on time. Also acclaimed at the meeting were LORRAINE MARCHAND and TEDDY TAATJES who have been elected co-chairmen of the Florence Nightingale Movement in Massachusetts.

Back home again ANN HICKEY is still trying to popularize the Walcott Dances from her position as student activities director. ANN BRADLEY has taken her role in "Tempus Fugits" seriously. She is conducting weekly meetings of the A.A. in Scollay Square. JO WILLIS and BARB RILEY are frequently seen at Phillips Drug Store trying to increase their caloric intake. They still hold parttime jobs as skeletal models in the Harvard anatomy lab. Radio station WBZ brings us the voice of CHARLOTTE HAMMOND who has become the wife of young Dr. Malone.

A revised edition of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" has been written by MEG LAMB, CHARLENE KILEY, and MARGE HINCKLEY. I'm sure you remember them as the quietest and most sincere members of our class. Also in the field of literature is PAT WALKER who has published a new handbook with a unique chapter on knitting argyle bed socks for the Red Sox.

DOLLY DAVIDITES, CONNIE STRAW, HELEN DAVIS, and BETTY SULINSKI are still singing the "Bell Bottom Blues" because their sailor boys are sailing the seventh and last sea.

The "Cranium Salon" on Charles Street is famous for its "Bulfinch Bob", a new haircut designed by MARGE DUNN and trimmed by JEANNIE GUNSOLUS. Their first victims were MARY PELL and ANN MARIE VOZZELLA who, after the first shock wore off, became famous models of women's coiffures.

Speaking of making changes, ELLIE McGAUGHEY appeared in court immediately after graduation to have her name changed to Cassidy, of course. Now no one has any trouble in pronouncing it. The only classmate suffering from ill health is JANE RIDDELL. She was admitted to White 8 last month without a skin. She finally took one too many showers.

The three of us are writing this bit of news from my private room on White 5 AC. RUTH PRIOR and NANCY STONE are doing special research on a neurotic patient who is still trying to jump over the tennis net.

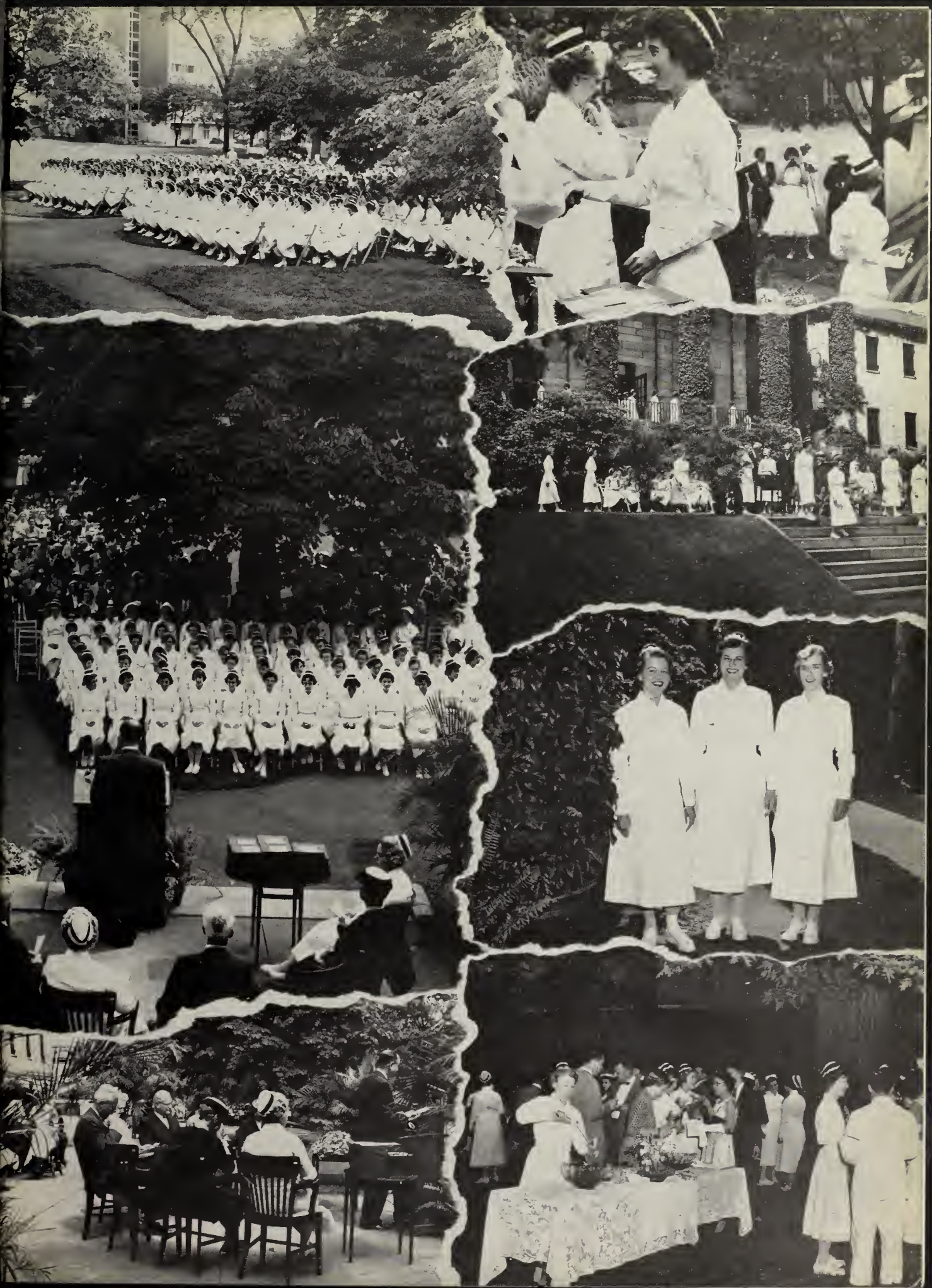
Our best wishes to your worthy foundation.

ANITA LEPAGE
NANCY STONE
RUTH PRIOR

BRIGHT SPOTS

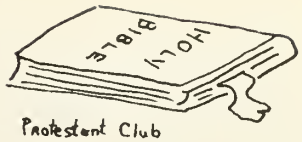
Tempu
NO EATING
NO BALL PLAYIN

ugits"
NEW ENGLAND
MUTUAL HALL
NOVEMBER 17·18· 1953

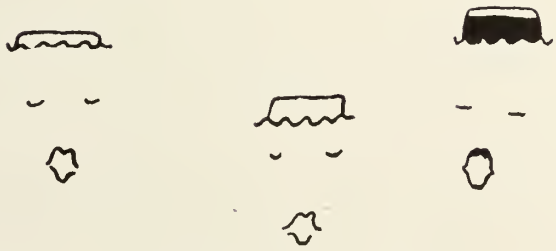


Senior Prom - May 14, 1954

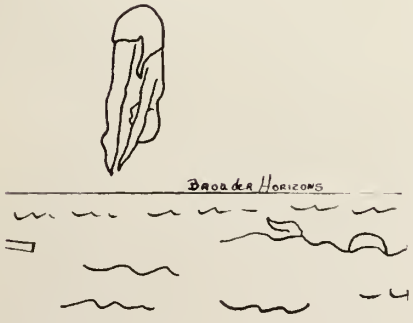
Hotel Lincolnshire



Protestant Club
Seton Newman Club



Clubs



Seton-Newman Club

President, Mary Ellen Winn
Vice President, Ann Smith
Secretary, Mary Fran Penny
Treasurer, Jeanne Pacquin
Spiritual Director,
Father Violette

Protestant Club

President, Charolette Brown
Vice-President, Jane Durno
Secretary, Dorothy Cope
Treasurer, Audrey Hull
Chaplain, Chaplain Burns

Class Officers

Draw Sheet

Student Council

BARBARA MAYER

President

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